

A

REVIEW

OF THE

STATE

OF THE

BRITISH NATION.

 Thursday, May 10. 1711.

I That have lived now this Twenty Year in this Presbyterian Nation, have often been Guilty of Wondering, that we are not tir'd in all this Time from the Revolution, with wearing Masques, covering our Faces, and smothering our selves with Disguises, especially when the Air of Parties is so sou'ry hot as sometimes it is. — But as they say Pride is never too hot or too cold, so it is here. — And our Politicks so much prevail upon our Concealence, that we will bear any Thing.

This is evident, in our constant concealing the Principles we profess, and putting on a show of what we really neither love,

serve, own or practise. — I smiled the other Day when I read on one of the great Fleet of Printed Papers, which sail daily up and down our Canals, the Streets. — That such a Day, in such a Place, the new Masquerade would be opened. — What Nonseuse is this, said I to my Friend that lent me the Spectacles to read it with? — A Masquerade near *Charles Cross*. — Why the whole Nation is one great Masquerade. — All the People we see, from the greatest to the least, from the Throne (exclusive) to the Dughill, inclusive, ARE, or ARE MADE by others, to be meer Masquers, and every Thing they do, they do

Act in Masquerade: The Rich beg, and the Beggars buy fine Cloaths; the Bankrupt drives the greatest Trade in the Street, and the Substantial Shopkeeper Trades in a narrow Compass. — The Fool talks to appear wise, the wise Man holds his Tongue and seems a Fool; Innocence cover'd with Slander appears like Guilt, Guilt wears the Mask of Piety, goes twice a Day to Prayers, and has the uppermost Seat in the Synagogue. — Virtue goes in the Disguise of Poverty, and wears those Rags which are the just Inheritance of Vice. — Flagrant Vice patches, paints, and dresses in Virtues Cloaths, a la Masquerade, and gains all the Hofannahs of the Street.

I was going on with this Useful Observation, when Religion came in my Way, and Summon'd me to expose the Masquerading about Things Sacred; but I wave it, not that the Mask is not as much worn there as any where, but because I think it may take up a Volume by itself. — I shall only hint, for my present purpose, that the Masquerading Humour seems to have begun in Religion; for as to the Historical part of this Religious Masquing, we have the earliest Accounts of it expressly set forth by our Blessed Lord, upon the People of that Age. — And the Masquerading in *Jerusalem* was come to a prodigious height, as ~~see~~ large in the Text express'd, by wearing broad Phylacteries, a Mask of Gravity; Tything, Mint, Annise, and Cummin, a Mask of nice Justice; making long Prayers, a Mask of Piety; making clean the outside of the Vessel, a Mask of Holyness; refusing, or reproving others for doing Good on the Sabbath Day, a Mask of Legal Exactness. — These were worn in those Days, to cover vile Extortion, devouring Widows Houses, wronging the Fatherless, Persecution, and Shedding the Blood of the Prophets, and the like, of which also in its turn.

From these, I desire to descend a little nearer to our present purpose, and let us Examine our Masquerading in Pollicicks — Our calling our selves this or that Day, to-morrow thus, an Occasion Summons, and Con-
venience calls for, while the Secret Part we

Act, is neither to be seen or known, hardly by our selves. — How long have we been Reproaching some People with seeming Whigs, but were really Tories in their Hearts? And how many have since appear'd so? — How many have, in this new Turn, fallen in with a Party, and worn the Mask of *Toryism*, but really are acting the part of the Whigs, and bringing all Things to the same pitch they were at before. —

I do confess this was from the beginning no Mask to me, and tho' you were pleas'd to laugh at me your fill, I told you plainly, they must all be Whigs again. — That they could *Act* upon no other Foundation; That the *Revolution* was Whig, and the *Government* was Whig, and of meer Necessity, the *Management* must be Whig, or it must be a Monster gnawing upon itself. — And now I have my turn to laugh at you all, since the Case is evident. — What was all your especially in Spain? What your *Hereditary Rights*? What your *Non-Resistance* of Arbitrary Power? What your *Errors* — of former *Management* in *Entailing Debts*? What your new Methods of raising Money? Were they any Thing but decent *Vizors* and Masks, to conceal the Projects on Foot?

What was your Roasting a Priest, your pulling down the Meeting Houses, your Rabbles on Elections, your Threatning the Bank, your Mobs and your Noise — Were these any Thing but a set of Men dancing in Masquerade, mimicking the Humour of a Party, and disguising themselves like *Mad Men*, that the Nation, who it was for their purpose should be *Mad* for a few Months, might be drawn into the Folly. — And could any Body but a few Fools, deluded by these Contrivances, and who could not see through the Mask; could any, I say, be so drunk to believe, that when a New Ministry came to *Act*, and a new Parliament came to Vote, they would follow the *Mad Measures* which some People follow'd? Did it seem necessary, that tho' Tumult and Rabble might be of use to some People, to get them in where they would be, they could *Act* by Tumult and Rabble when they were in?

Where

Where has the Parliament, or the Queen, or the New Ministry, taken one Step like what we huzza'd through the Street, and what our nothing-meaning Addressors Clamour'd to their Sovereign? Where's the repealing *Sacbeverell's* Sentence so often promis'd? Where the Damning the Doctrine of Resistance by *Parliament*? Have the House of Commons yet Voted the Queen's *Hereditary Rights* exclusive of *Parliamentary Limitation*? Or have the New Ministry brought in the *Pretender*? Has the Occasional Bill been yet brought on the Stage? Or is the Tolleration Assaulted and dwindled into an Exemption? Have the Parliament Recogniz'd Passive Obedience, and declar'd it the Doctrine of the Church? — Alas! *the Case is quite alter'd, Things wear no Masks, the Men that talk of them may*; these were all but Masks necessary to be put on for the Occasion, to wheedle Fools, and make the World *Petty-Mad*; and carry on a Design which has succeeded — And now *the Fish is caught* there's no more use of the Net — Now the *Mask* lies for some body else to take it up — And Things run in the old Channel.

Let any Man that Questions the Truth of this, Enquire:—What has form'd your New Society, which the Learned call the *Osbober Club*? Had the Author of a Wicked Book, call'd *the Secret History of this Club*, Consulted with his Humble Servant, I could have given him another Original of that Society, viz. not that they were deceiv'd by the *Mask* worn, for they all wore it too, and wore it as a *Mask* too; but that the *Mask* was thrown off TOO SOON; and the Jest not carried on a little farther.—For the Design of these Gentlemen was to have made it look like a *Mask* till it should have been no longer a *Mask*, and that they might have push'd it on for a Jest, dis of Necessity it should come to be in earnest; and then they thought they should have drawn in the Politicians, to bring to pass what they did not design— But what these *(the Club)* had

laid as their Project from the beginning.

But my Homely Latin comes in here also to be good *English*, *qui sparas sparabatur*, they were trick'd in their Attempt to trick others, and from thence became Motineers in the Affair — And rising by little and little to a greater Bulk, obtain'd the formidable Figure they now make, ador'd with the Glorious Title of the *Osbober Club*.

I could dreg down this Modern Fashion of Masquerading, to almost every Thing we do, even to *Trade*: Some put on a Mask of Stock-Jobbing to run down Credit, a Mask of Railing at Banks in general, and ours in particular — Did these Men design to run down Credit — or to bring their new Funds into Credit? Did they design to blow up or destroy the Bank? Or did they design to get themselves and Friends into the Bank? Others spread Reports against the new Lottery that it would not fill, but Stock-Job'd the whole Fund to Engross it into their Hands, and put the Dice upon their Neighbours.—Were not our Stock Jobbers born in Masquerade? And have they not Aged so ever since? Do they not put on a new *Mask* every Day as their Occasion for the Day require? Run down Stock when they want to buy, Invent Foreign News, Coin Millions of Shams and Forgeries to make it rise when they want to Sell?—Let their Friend into the Secret, (so they call drawing an Honest Man in to throw away his Money) when they have a Mind to Bubble him; and what is a Stock-Jobber but a pick Pocket in Masquerade? — In short, the whole Nation is now one great Masquerade — No Men seem to Ad the part they aim at, or stick at the part they Ad.

I do acknowledge this Excursion, however necessary in its kind, is but an Introduction to something which is to follow, and of which I am too near the End of this Paper to say any Thing, till my next.

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WHEREAS a false and scurrilous Libel has been Printed, charging

the Author of this Paper with hitting a Horse, and not restoring or making Satisfaction for the

the same; together with a Letter in Defence of King James, said to be written by the Author of the Review; the true Author of the said Libel at the same Time concealing himself, so as that he cannot be Prosecuted for the Forgery and Slander: Wherefore tho' such a Senseless Slander deserves little Notice, yet for the sake of some People who are willing to lay hold of every Shift to Reproach the Man they hate, and to prevent the Town's listening to Lies — The true Case from whence the Pretence is taken, is stated here, is short, for any Man to Judge of, that is not willing to be impos'd upon, and for the Truth of it, the Person nam'd will be ready to justify it.

About three Years since, this Author going to Scotland, a Gentleman who went with him, his Horse falling lame, was oblig'd to leave him at Coventry, and hire another — So that in the first Place, the Story is a Falshy, as to the Person; for that the Author of the Review hir'd no Horse at all, neither was the other Person any Servant or otherw^{ise} belonging to him, but as a Companion — 40 s. was the agreed Price for Hire, which was paid down, and a Time allotted for the Horse's return; but the Journey being long,

and long Journeys liable to Accidents, the Owner was ask'd to set a Value upon his Horse, to be paid if he did not return in Time — *This he did* — He first ask'd 5 Guineas, but positively agreed at 4 l. 10 s. — Viz. 40 l. which was paid down, and so more if the Horse was not return'd: Now the Person not returning at all, but settling in Scotland, where he still is — as soon as he found he was not likely to return, order'd the 50 s. as agreed, into the Hands of Mr. Edward Owen of Coventry, a Man known, and of a clear Reputation both in that City and in London — Which Mr. Owen, has offer'd the said Money to the Owner of the Horse many Times, and he refuses to accept it, alledging he was to have 5 Guineas for his Horse.

This is the whole Truth of the Story — The Money is yet in the Hands of the said Mr. Owen, to be paid when ever he pleases to accept it — And if he thinks he can prove any greater Summ due — Tho' the Person be in Scotland, he is ready to appear to him by his Attorney at any Time, and to give Security to Answer him at Law in England, if he desires.

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